

The Horse.

THE MICHIGAN TROTTER-HORSE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

This Association, only formed the past season, has placed its first programme before the public. It will be found in our advertising columns, and merits a perusal by all interested in the breeding of trotting horses. The programme has been arranged to meet the views of breeders alone, and for the sole purpose of developing the business of breeding trotting and roadster horses in this State. The stakes offered for competition are not large, and will depend largely upon the entrance money. But this very point will keep out a class of horses which would not add either to the meetings of the Association or their reputation. It is designed to offer the breeders of the State an opportunity to test the merits of their young stock in honorable competition with other breeders, and not compel them to sell their stock undeveloped or put them in competition with horses owned by professional ringers, with all the accessories of the pool box and the betting ring.

The lists of stakes now open include a stake for two-year-old mares and geldings, and one for two-year-old stallions, in each of which the entrance fee is \$15, divided into three payments, with \$50 added to each stake. The stake for three-year-old mares and geldings, and the one for three-year-old stallions, call for entrance fees of \$20 each, and the added money is \$75. For the four-year-old stakes the entrance fee is \$30, and to each stake \$100 is added. Stakes for 1886 and 1887 are also open, and breeders should give them their attention.

Care of Horses' Feet.

This subject, which is very interesting to our farmers, who are dependent on their four-footed friends for so much hard labor, was treated by Mr. R. Stone, a practical New England blacksmith, at the winter meeting of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture. Mr. Stone said that he had given little thought to the foot of the horse, because the sensitive parts are not within view, as is a sore upon the shoulder or back. Judging by practice, many believe that every horse must be constantly shod, and that the longer the shoes can be made to stay on the better.

Before taking charge of a horse, one should ask, "what is a shoe for?" The first shoes made were broad enough to cover the entire bottom of the hoof, except a small spot in the center. The hole in the shoe was gradually increased in size until only a narrow rim of iron is left, protecting the outer shell of the hoof. If horses could be kept in a state of nature, they would require no shoes. Our macadamized roads and paved streets are not natural, and to work our heavy horses upon such artificial surfaces the shoe becomes necessary. But light horses doing light work on country roads, may well go without shoes, or at most, mere tips, to protect the excessive wear at the toes. The frog is a cushion to receive the lower bone of the hoof, and it should be kept soft by close contact with the earth, and not exposed to drying by raising the foot upon high calks. It is not necessary to shoe often in winter, because the hoof grows slowly in cold weather. For many bad feet the best treatment is to pull off the shoes and turn out to pasture. Idleness in winter spoils many good feet. Idle horses had better be unshod. The owner and not the blacksmith is responsible for most of the lame horses, yet too many suppose that anybody who can drive a nail is fit to shoe a horse. The horse has more friends now than ever before in the history of man. Water is one of the best medicines for bad feet. Wind flannels around the ankle, and keep them wet for hours together, to soften the hoof at the top, where growth only takes place. It cools the foot, and often makes an animal almost a new one. Wrinkles in the hoof often pinch the tender parts and cause lameness. Use no grease on the hoof, but water instead. Shoe so that the foot will stand square and level. In winter, calks must be used so the horse can keep his foot where he puts it without too much effort and weariness. He described a shoe of his own invention, with round calks of iron with steel centres, which always keep sharp, and which are set in the shoe by screwing, and may be taken out at night if desired. He thought that when horses die, their bodies should be examined and made subjects of study and record, that valuable statistics may be collected bearing upon the diseases of these most noble animals.

Horse Gossip.

The list of winning sires on the English turf for 1884 is headed by Hermit, with Sterling second, Doncaster third, Camballo fourth, Uncas fifth, and Rosencranz sixth. The get of Hermit won \$140,000.

Estimates of Skim-Milk.

Mr. H. B. Gurlier, Dr. Kalb, Ill., made a number of pig feeding experiments, which go to show, according to his estimates, that 100 lbs. of skim-milk fed to pigs will produce 64 lbs. increase in live weight, and a bushel of corn an average of 13 lbs. of increase. In only one of these experiments; however, was skim-milk alone fed; but in several cases corn alone was fed, sometimes in the ear, sometimes the whole grain, and sometimes the meal; and the average gain on corn did not exceed the above statement. Professor Sanborn, when in New Hampshire, reported 12 to 16 quarts of skim-milk as required for one pound of growth, which amounts to less than 8 to 4 lbs. of increase for 100 lbs. of the milk. Results of recent experiments reported by Dr. Goessman in the last bulletin of the Massachusetts Experiment Station come right between these two extremes, provided that we accept Mr. Gurlier's estimate of 12 lbs. increase of each bushel (60 lbs.) of corn-milk fed.

These latest experiments were tried with skim-milk and cornmeal, and with buttermilk and meal, making the above allowance for the producing power of the meal, we find that in three experiments with skim-milk and meal 100 lbs. of the milk produced 4.5, 4.5 and 6.1 lbs. of increase in live weight, respectively; in three experiments with buttermilk and meal, 100 pounds of the buttermilk could be credited with 4.8, 5.1 and 5.7 lbs. of increase, respectively. The pigs were Berkshire, age not given. Mr. Gurlier stated that he handled mostly Poland-Chinas, although it is not definitely shown that his experiments were conducted with this breed alone. Professor Sanborn's pigs appear to have been a cross between Poland-China and Chester White.

Mr. Gurlier, figuring on cornmeal and bran at \$10 50 a ton, and skim-milk at 25

pound of increase in live weight on meal, bran and skim-milk to be 8 12-100 cents; on cornmeal and milk the cost was 2 27-100 cents. Professor Sanborn, figuring on skim-milk apparently at 10 to 12 cents per 100 lbs., and cornmeal at \$20 a ton, obtained a pound of increase on the milk and meal at a cost of from 3 to 4 cents; on milk, cornmeal and middlings the cost was 2.6 cents in one experiment and 3.4 in another. Dr. Goessman, rating cornmeal at \$28 a ton, skim-milk at about 22 cents per 100 lbs., and buttermilk at about 15 cents, obtained a pound of increase on meal and skim-milk at an average cost for the three experiments of 4.9 cents, and on meal and buttermilk at an average of 3.8 cents. Mr. Gurlier fed from 8 to 4 lbs. of milk to a pound of meal, in those experiments where he estimated as above the cost of the increase; Professor Sanborn fed from 1.5 to 2 lbs. of milk to a pound of meal, while Dr. Goessman fed about 12 lbs. of milk to a pound of meal.

In connection with these tests of the value of skim-milk for pigs, which are the only ones that have come under my notice as made in this country, it may be interesting to give two or three German estimates of the actual profits of feeding this milk to pigs. In one case the profit, on each quart of milk was a little over 6 cents; in another, where a very careful account of the expenses and income was kept, the profit on each quart of milk was in one year 1.4 cents, and in the following year 1.35 cents; the lower results of the second year were caused by some accidents to the stock. The same experimenter tried the milk with calves; but while the best animals gave a profit of about 1.4 cents per quart, others gave only about half a cent, and the trouble was much greater than in the handling of the pigs. Another contributor, however, reported one cent profit on each quart fed to calves.—N. Y. Tribune.

"Marbled" Meat.

We had a man ask this question the other day: "What do you mean when you say that the beef of a certain animal is 'finely marbled'?" This term will be found in agricultural papers, and it may not be a bad plan to stop and ask what we do mean by it. The flesh is said to be "well marbled" when the fat and lean meats are found mingled together. Throughout the system, under the skin, between the muscles and among the fibres there is distributed what is called cellular tissue. In these cells the accumulation of fat, whether it be little or great is deposited. The extent to which this tissue is found varies much in different animals. Wild animals have a small amount of this tissue, and consequently they do not get easily fat. When but little fat finds its way among the muscles the meat is tough. When the fat is distributed about the muscles and through the lean meat, we will have fat, juicy "marbled" meat that will fry almost without the addition of butter or grease. A wonderful difference will be found between the beef of the ordinary scrub animal, and that from the high grade or thoroughbred. If farmers could see these different specimens of beef side by side, there would be a great change in the idea that good beef can be produced, even with the most liberal feeding, from an inferior animal. Most persons think that the only or chief advantage claimed for the using of thoroughbred sires is an increase in weight of the grade calf. While the calf is always larger and better proportioned, the meat is also found to be of far better quality. In fact the power of the thoroughbred animal to improve the quality of the beef of its offspring is the simple result of long years of careful breeding. The fat and lean will be found in the scrub or wild animal in great irregular masses, while as has been shown by numerous experiments, the high grade or thoroughbred animal will be found with an increased development of cellular tissue, a more thorough distribution of fat, and with the muscles more or less surrounded. The fat cells are as much a part of the anatomical structure as the nerves, the mucus linings and the skin. Their presence among the muscles is peculiar only to easily fattening animals, and it is evident that they can be improved by breeding, just as the power to change the food into milk or butter can be improved. Where there is a deficiency of cellular tissue and fat vesicles, it is evident that no plan of feeding can supply the place of them. When cattle run about to pick up their own living, as our scrubs do, it is evident that the development of the fat tissues must be checked. The fat laid upon such an animal when he is well fed will simply accumulate in masses, while the edible portion of the meat will be found almost as hard as before. Food fed to a scrub will produce a large amount of tallow, but the same food given to a high grade will produce less tallow, but a larger amount of "marbled" beef.—Southern Live Stock Journal.

Expensive Incumbrances.

The Indiana Farmer says: "Among the expensive incumbrances found upon a majority of the older farms in this woodland country is the woodlot. In many of them all the best timber has been cut out and the remainder is decaying faster than it grows. Owing to the dense shade the pasture is generally poor, and taking it all together the profits therefrom will scarcely pay the taxes. Farmers hate to cut down all the timber there is on the farm, having long had the idea inculcated in their minds that a farm without a timber lot is no farm at all. When land is valuable for cropping it does not pay to let depleted forests stand on the farm. They should be cleared off as rapidly as possible and the wood sold or burned, as is most advantageous. Before it is disposed of there is almost a certainty that the land will be more valuable for other purposes than growing timber. If not, it can be replanted with kinds of trees whose growth will be five fold the yearly increase in value under the present system. On rough lands prone out all the timber, that is worth taking, which shows the least sign of decay and give the young growth a chance to become valuable. Look over your woodland

Poultry Hints.

It is recorded that a precocious Brown Leghorn pullet lately deposited her first egg the day she was three months and eight days from the shell. This is believed to be the best pullet time on record.

At the sixteenth annual Poultry and Pigeon Show at the Crystal Palace, England, opened the last Monday in November last, there were 5,646 entries, or 200 more than last year, making a total of nearly 10,000 birds. Nearly 1,400 prizes were awarded, including 183 silver cups. The cost value of the prizes was \$9,000.

The Pittsburg Stockmen says: Give the

and if you are not certain that its growth is rapid enough to pay a good profit, grind up your ax and begin at once to get it under cultivation. You can clear off a good big field between this time and next cropping season.

Potatoes for Planting.

As long as we can remember there has been a discussion going on as to the planting of potatoes, whether they should be cut or uncut, and whether they should be planted in hills or rows. We have carefully watched the result of the different modes, and have come to the conclusion that large potatoes cut in from two to four pieces, having at least one eye to each piece, and planted in rows, the pieces being about twelve inches apart, and the rows being every third furrow, about fill the bill. The pieces should be spread upon a barn floor to dry for about two weeks before planting and until the eyes begin to shoot. The cultivator should be run frequently to keep the soil well stirred up and the grass and weeds completely removed. When large enough, say six to eight inches in height, they should be plowed between the rows, the ground being thrown up to the vines, and any that may become covered in the operation should have the clods and soil removed. We have found that the crop would yield more potatoes and a greater proportion of large ones by being cut and seasoned, and planted in rows, than in any other way. The experience of other growers has resulted in a like opinion.—Germantown Telegraph.

Agricultural Items.

A New York farmer reports in the Husk-ban that he raised 3,300 bushels of turnips on five and one-half acres of land, at a cost of four and one-half cents per bushel. The crop was raised after the grain was taken off.

The American Cultivator says our farmers

are generally overstocked with horses, which they keep idle through the winter to the great loss of the owner. Some work more than "doing the chores" should be devised, to utilize these animals and make them earn their living. Half the chores generally consist of carrying for the horses, which for want of exercise come out with soft and flabby muscles in the spring. Some farm work should be in progress every working day of the year.

MR. L. F. ALLEN, of New York, originator

of the Shorthorn Herd Book, keeps several head of cattle on his farm on Grand Island, in the Niagara River, several miles above the Falls. Forty-five of the animals are high grade Shorthorns, kept for dairy purposes. A Guernsey bull is now being used, with the intention of changing the entire herd to grade Guernseys. This cross of large milk-producing Shorthorns, with the rich butter-producing Guernseys, bids fair to give Mr. Allen a very choice herd for dairy purposes.

A HARDWARE MAN, of Crawfordville, Ind.,

offered a sixty dollar cockatoo as premium for the heaviest fifty ears of corn, brought to his store before a certain time. Over one hundred farmers entered into the competition. Each, of course, selected the heaviest of his last summer's production, and which constituted each farmer's favorite variety. A very large portion of the packages ranged from 38 to 50 pounds. All the balance except three fell short of 60 pounds. One weighed 60½, another 61½, and the heaviest tipped the beam at 67½ pounds.

The American Cultivator tells us solid truth

when it says: "Farmers need to cultivate a union of sentiment and purpose, a concentration of resolve and action, a broader view of their duties as neighbors and citizens. Petty jealousies and narrow-minded bickerings have checked the prosperity of many a farming community. Merchants, manufacturers, professional men, possess influence, power and wealth because they combine and consult mutually. The progressive and successful farmer of the future will be those who have broader faith in human nature and who realize the strength which emanates from united action and a community of interest."

The Germantown Telegraph believes that if

it could be so ordered that there would always be employment at every season of the year for men living among farms, so that they could at all times be at hand—men whom one knows and can trust—there would be very little complaint of the scarcity of good workmen. Farm laborers as well as other laborers, seek permanent situations, and if they can find these on the farms they would not only be ready to accept them, but would willingly continue permanently in their places, and by doing so they would be far better adapted to the business and able to render much more and better service than where they are employed only occasionally. The difficulty lies in obtaining men only for a few weeks or months, and then dismissing them for an equal or greater length of time until they need them again.

Michigan Central Poultry and Pet Stock

Association, Battle Creek, Jan. 15-20, 1885. Wm. J. Miller, Secretary.

World's Fair Poultry Department, New

Orleans, La., Jan. 15-Feb. 15, 1884. B. N. Pierce, Special Commissioner, Indianapolis, Ind.

Iowa State Poultry Association, Boone,

Iowa, Jan. 20-24, 1885. J. H. Boggs, Secretary.

National Poultry Association, Indianapolis,

Ind., Jan. 27-Feb. 3, 1885. T. F. McGrew, Jr., Secretary.

Northern Indiana Poultry Association,

Fort Wayne, Feb. 17-21, 1885. G. P. Gordon, Secretary.

SAIAH DILLON, and BONS.

DILOON BROS. NORMAL ILL.

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Poetry

THE WISDOM OF THE DEAD.

My love has been dead for an hour;
Oh! she has been true to me;
She had loved me in passion and pain,
She had followed me to the end of the land and sea.

And I had been true to her;
Or as true as a man may be;
He does not love like a girl,
And follow her to the end of the land and sea.

But I loved her the best of all,
Though I may have had other friends,
And if ever she doubted me,
She made me divine amends.

But an hour before she died
My beautiful worshiper said,
If I could ever be happy dead,
Then she should be happy dead.

So I swore with a steady voice,
With my hand upon her head,
That I had always been true,
That she might be happy dead.

Ah! I wonder how much they know,
These dead who live in strange new powers,
And I wonder how they feel,
By toils and fault of ours.

Oh! the very thought aches,
And I shiver with sad and dread,
That although she loved me so,
She may not be happy dead.

—Hattie T. G. Griswold.

WHITE FLOWERS.

What are the snow-flakes? Daisies white,
Roses that died on a summer night,
When the deep sky put on a deeper blue,
And the world smiled on its violet hue,
When the air was fragrant with the whole night through,
And the stars hung low and bright.

What is the frost? The early dawns,
That woke into life in the wild March hours,
And, half afraid of the boisterous morn,
Trembled and paled where they shyly stood,
Close to the heart of the shivering wood,
That under its brown cloak covers!

What is winter? Why, just the ghost
Of the dear old summer we've loved and lost;
The white reflection of all things sweet,
All the most perfect, most complete,
All that the heart goes out to meet
Lies under the snow and frost!

—Vick's Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

DEACON McNAB'S PRODIGAL.

The deacon watched anxiously for his son's reply to his letter. He felt sure that Alexander would reply. He judged from his own standpoint, and from his knowledge of his disputatious young man, He forgot to take into account the influence of marriage, and of living in a community where men have to be careful in matters of contradiction. He was ignorant of many circumstances in his son's life which made this letter of less importance to him than it was to the lonely, anxious son of it. He was sorry at its tone, and he said to his wife: "I have been a little premature. Scotchmen have long memories for an offense as well as for a kindness. I will wait a year and write again."

But a year passed and he did not write; two and three years, and then he began to think he could hardly write again unless his father requested it. He might be suspected, if he did, of mercenary motives. He had better let things alone. So year after year passed away, and the silence was unbroken.

In the meantime a great change had taken place in the deacon; but it had been so gradual that his oldest friends rather thought their estimate of him had been wrong than that his character had altered. "He is hard when you first know him, but he mellows as your friendship grows," said McLaughlin, who had been a familiar friend for forty years. But it was something more than the mellowing of time. As drops of water will wear away granite, so the preaching of Deacon Frazer had told upon the deacon's spiritual nature. There had indeed been times when he had seriously disapproved him, when he had even feared he was listening to something very like Arminianism, but through it all very few Sabbaths when the words of Jesus had not found his soul, even in its most secret places.

In the ninth year of his son's absence he began to remember him very tenderly and to find excuses for him. "He was very young, and he had my sin high temper as a quick tongue. I ken weel I have a gunpowder temper, and the laddie was like a flash of fire; in the very nature of things mischief would come. I wish I knew where he is at. Perhaps I ought, I mean, perhaps it would be kind like to look after him. I would like to meet his mother in another world if I had failed in mercy to the lad. Whatever way can I make it up with him?"

It was in a mood of this kind he went to church one morning. His thoughts wandered a great deal until they fitted into the words which the dominie was reading—the words in which the wise woman of Tekoah urged David to bring back his banished son Absalom. He pointed out the imperfection of David's forgiveness, in that, though he brought him back, he suffered him not to see his face. Then he turned to the father of the newer dispensation, limned in Christlike colors, running to meet his prodigal when afar off, taking him to his breast with kisses of forgiveness, calling together his friends to rejoice with him over the son that was lost and found.

When the deacon left the church it was with one fixed purpose—to go and find his son.

"And you'll do right, deacon," said the dominie. "You are hale and vigorous, and needna fear the travel. You have plenty of siller to go to the lad; maybe he hasna a bawbee to come to you. He may have fallen very low—has you thought of that?"

"Ay, have I. If I can find him, however low he has fallen, I'll lift him up and give him a son's portion in a' things."

"If that is the spirit you are in go your ways, deacon, and the Lord go with you. Where to first?"

"He wrote me a letter frae a town on the Gulf of Mexico in Texas; but I have written twice to that place and got no answer back, for I bid him leave it on pain of my displeasure, and he'll have gone, but whichever way he goes I can tell."

In a month the deacon was in New Orleans, and from there he went to Corpus Christi; but since Alexander McNab had lived there it had been visited by an epidemic of yellow fever, and the population had been a constantly shifting one. No one remembered him.

"I'll go up to the seat of government," he said to himself; "where there is law-making there'll be lawyers. Maybe I'll find the lad among them."

So he bought a horse and buggy and went leisurely through the country. It was in the first week in June, and he was lost in amazement and delight. There was a pomp and glory in the sunshine and flowers which he never dreamed of; and as he rode through miles of blowing grasses and saw the countless herds of cattle and felt all the lonely beauty and peace sank into his soul, he said rapturously, "Here one kens that the earth is the Lord's." The highly oxygenized atmosphere gave him a feeling of exhilaration; he found himself singing lines of his favorite hymns or snatches of such authorized songs as "Auld Lang Syne," or "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled." But the strange happiness in his heart he put entirely down to the credit of conscience. "It's a gran' thing," he thought, "to be on an errand of mercy. I dinna wonder now there are some philanthropists."

However, on the fourth day he left the open prairie and got into the pine woods. The heat increased, unknown insects troubled him, he saw huge snakes gliding away into the underbrush, there were strange sounds all around, and a sense of awful solemnity came over him. He was alone with God in the thick woods, and he feared Him as he had never done before. All day long the prayer of contrition and adoration was on his lips. Toward the gloaming he was delighted to reach the prairie again and to meet two travelers.

"Good night, stranger,"

"Gude night to baith o' you. Ken you what I can get a bite and a sup and a night's lodging?"

"Yes, sir—straight ahead. You'll come to the judge's in half an hour. They are right smart folks, and you'd best light there for to-night, I reckon."

"Thank you, gentlemen. Gude night." He rode on very anxiously. The sun was sinking fast, and an inexpressible solitude was around him. One lonely, silent bird flying hastily to its covert gave a still earlier feeling to the hour and scene. Suddenly he heard the joyful laughter of children at play. He quickened his pace, rounded a clump of trees, and then saw a whitehouse spreading itself beneath them. Some children, black and white, came running to the little gate to meet him.

"Well, bairns, is the Judge at home?"

"No, but ma is," said a little lad about six years old. "Goto the house, sir; Jim and I will take your buggy."

He let them take it very gladly, and went to the house. A pretty little woman met him on the piazza. She needed no explanations. He was a stranger wanting food and shelter, and she gave them with a charming courtesy that at once put the deacon at ease.

"I am sorry my husband is away," she said, with a pardonable wifely pride, "but he is a member of the Legislature, and it is now in session."

Then the children came back, and the deacon took to them wonderfully. Children were a new form of humanity to him; he knew nothing about them. But there was an independence and good fellowship about the little lad, as he told him all about his animals and his adventures, that delighted the old man.

After a little they went to bed in the next room, and he heard them saying their prayers to their mother. "God bless grandpapa!" How the words smote him. He grew so nervous and restless that when the baby lisped out the same petition he could no longer sit still. He walked to the window, where there was a table and a lamp and some newspapers. Then he noticed a large Bible, and he drew it toward him. Almost unconsciously he turned to the family register. "Alexander McNab, born in Glasgow, March 28, 18—," was the first name he saw. He made no outcry; he never moved. His eyes were riveted upon the words and upon those that followed: "Mary Baylor, born in Galveston, Janet McNab, David McNab, Mary McNab, Margaret McNab, Peter McNab." On the opposite page the "death of Janet McNab, aged ten months." He had objected to her bearing her grandmother's name, and she was in Heaven with her.

He opened the door softly and went out on the piazza. God had led him to his son's house, and he had eaten at his son's table and had not known it. His emotions were incommensurate, even to the heavenly Father. He sat as still in his joy as he had often done in his grief and opened not his mouth, because he was so sure that God had done it.

After a little Alexander's wife came and sat down beside him, and he encouraged her to talk of her husband and his prospects. She, at least, believed in him sublimely. He was the best and greatest man in Texas—he had not a doubt about it. Peter could have smiled if he had not been so full of thought. Finally he asked her if her husband was born in Texas.

"Oh, no," she answered, frankly, "he was born in Glasgow, a town in Scotland. I suppose you know the city, for you talk like a Scotchman."

"I have many friends and business connections there, ma'am."

She hesitated a few moments and then asked: "Did you ever know or hear tell of Mr. Peter McNab? He is a lawyer."

"I may say I ken him vera weel. I dinna think much o' him either, ma'am. He's a hard soul man."

"He is my husband's father, so you must not say so here. His son thinks very highly of him, and perhaps you may be mistaken. In business men, even kind men are often obliged to be hard." Then she turned the conversation, and the deacon was glad of it.

He did not sleep much, and the next morning was on the road to Austin at daybreak. He reached there in the afternoon, and went to Smith's Hotel. A few words of inquiry satisfied him.

The Judge was staying there—he would be in from the Capitol about 5 o'clock. If the gentleman had any private business there was no use going there. The Judge was chairman of a committee, and not apt to be on the floor in the daytime.

But Peter could not sit still. He refreshed himself, and then turned his face to the great white building standing so loftily at the head of the beautiful avenue. He soon entered its halls and gazed upon such a body of lawmakers as he had never dreamed of seeing, and he was wonderfully impressed both by the men and the methods. But he did not find his son, and after an hour's stay he determined to go back to the hotel and wait there for him.

As he entered the landlord said: "The Judge is in his room, stranger; second door on your right hand."

He walked straight to it and opened it. Alexander, who was asleep upon a sofa, turned his head, gazed one moment, and leaped to his feet.

"Father! My dear, dear father!"

"Ay, ay, my lad, I'm here. A bonnie like journey thou hast brought me, an auld man like me, too. O, Alexander!"

And then the old parable which had sent the father to seek his son was renewed in all its sweetness and tenderness, and that night the deacon went up to the Capitol leaning on his son's arm, and he was proud and happy beyond expression.

"You made a vera fair speech, Alexander," he said as they returned home. It would have been better if there had been fewer steps between your premise and your peroration, but you'll do in time and we'll practice. I dinna much wonder your wife sets such store by you."

"My wife! Have you seen Mary?"

"Ay, I stayed at your house last night. She's no as bonnie as some women, but she's loving and ladylike, and what's mair, she's a prudent body, and can baith speak and hold her tongue. So she's no an ordinar' woman at all. And the bairns are just the most interesting bairns I ever saw. Baith o' the lads are a bit like me, and I would na wonder if I'll hae a' the comfort o' o' little David I should hae had out o' his father."

Then Alexander smiled and pressed his father's arm closer to his side, for little David had taught him some lessons he would have learned in no other way.

In three months the Deacon was back again on the Glasgow pavements, as brisk and active and as full of life and business as he had been ten years before. He went into his affairs with an exactness and promptitude that rather astonished the men in whose charge they had been left.

"You are very strict about a bawbee deacon," said one of them.

"Just sae," Mr. McIntyre; but my son, Judge McNab, is coming home to take the business, and he's no man to put up with a bawbee wrang. I can tell you that."

He had always been very reticent about his son's long absence. There were none of his friends that felt at liberty to ask any questions or to make any remarks to him about his return except Bailie Scott, who was, perhaps, just a little nettled at Peter's air of satisfaction.

"Sae you hae found your prodigal at last, Deacon," he ventured to say one afternoon, as they met in front of the court house.

"Nae vera hard matter that, Bailie Scott. When a man is a Judge o' a District Court and a member o' the Legislature and has married an ex-Governor's daughter, he's no ill to find. Gude day to you, Bailie, and he walked away with the air of one who felt that he had settled a question thoroughly.

To Dominic Frazer, however, he opened his heart with all the humility of a truly grateful man.

"God has been better to baith o' us than we deserve, dominie. But we have seen our faults and said sae, and the future is nae ither thing for flesh and blood to do."

"You are building him a fine house, I hear."

"Ay, when I hae coaxed the lad away from his sin hame it's but a just thing to build him another. He'll get there by the time it is ready for him. Then I'll hae my son and a bonnie bit daughter-in-law and the four braw bairns. I never hoped for sae much love and joy again, never. I hae nae the words to express my thankfulness; but Dominie, I'll write you a libral check out for the kirk debt; for you'll ken when a man talks in gold sovereigns what he says."

—Illustrated Weekly.

It Picks the Crocodile's Teeth.

In the case of the great saurian of the Nile all that Aristotle tells us is borrowed from Herodotus, with the exception of the number of eggs it is said to lay, and it is curious to notice that he even tells the story of the little bird (trochilus) which picks the leeches out of the crocodile's mouth—a story long discredited, but which has been to a great extent corroborated by M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, the eminent French naturalist, who has long resided in Egypt and had repeated occasions to ascertain that the story of Herodotus was correct in substance at least. He found that a little bird, the black-headed plover (Pluvialis aegyptiaca), flies incessantly from place to place, searching everywhere, even in the crocodile's mouth, for insects, such as gnats, which attack the great saurian in insupportable swarms and entering his mouth, cover the inner surface of the palate with a brownish black crust. The little plover comes and delivers him from his troublesome enemies. That curious friendships exist between animals widely different from each other in form and habit is well known to naturalists; we may instance the case of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, which are often attended by little birds known as rhinoceros birds, which feed on the beasts and which serve as well to warn them of approaching danger; the great pachyderms fully understand the bird's warning and doubtless appreciate its good offices.

Hale's Honey the great Cough cure, 25c. 50c. & 1.00. Dr. J. C. Hale's Honey is a sure cure, 25c. 50c. & 1.00. German Corn Remover kills Corns & Blisters. Hale's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black and Brown, 50c. Hale's Rheumatic Pills cure in 1 Minute, 50c. Hale's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 25c. 50c. & 1.00.

Dinner for Three.

On the last Thursday of November, 1884, three of us sat in a shebang in the prison stockade at Florence, S. C. Shebang was the prison word for a dwelling constructed in this way. It was in the afternoon. We had received our daily rations—about three tablespoonfuls of gooks, or cow peas, and a little over a pint of cornmeal—had cooked and eaten them, and were sitting on the ground floor of the shebang, our eyes listlessly turned roofwards, while our thoughts were as shallow as our faces.

We were silent for awhile. I was the first to speak:

"Thanksgiving's gone, boys, but if we live until Christmas we can have a dinner, and won't be hungry after we have eaten."

"How?" inquired my two comrades eagerly.

"We won't feel much hungrier than we do now if we each put by a spoonful of meal and a spoonful of gooks every day from now until Christmas, and I think our savings will make a dinner that will be satisfying."

After some discussions as to the relative strength of our appetite and our wills, it was decided to lay by our six spoonfuls of food every day, all agreeing that the spoonfuls should not be heaped, but even. I dreamed that night of feasting on all the good things in the way of food that I had ever heard of or eaten. The next morning we made two bags of generous size. In the afternoon when our rations came, we put three spoonfuls of gooks in one bag and three spoonfuls of meal in the other. Every succeeding day the bags received their portion, and were felt affectionately, to find out how much they contained.

Christmas morning, 1884, after being long waited for, came at last. The faint light of the morning found us stirring. We had hoarded our fuel, saving a little every day. It was not an easy thing to do, for the daily fuel ration of ninety men was three sticks of pinewood of average size. To this supply we had added by picking up every splinter as large as a toothpick and every chip as large as a ten cent piece that we discovered in our wanderings about the stockade.

The occupants of a shebang near our own, in addition to the usual cooking utensils—quart bottles and tin or sheet-iron pans—possessed a gunboat. This was a piece of old roofing tin, made into a pan more than a foot long and about six inches wide and deep. The corners where the tin had been cut off or turned were soldered with cornmeal. It was not slightly, but was convenient. We had bargained before for the use of this gunboat.

The fire was lighted. The gooks had been soaked the night before, and were now put in the gunboat covered with water, and the gunboat was set over the fire upon two mud bricks made for the occasion. A watched pot may not boil, but a watched gunboat did, for three heads bent forward and six eyes gazed intently upon the contents of the vessel over the fire, until the water was bubbling and the peas dancing in and out among the bubbles.

At short intervals a few peas were taken out in a spoon and allowed to cool, and a pea was tasted by each of us and judgment given as to its being done. Finally we were unanimous in the opinion that the gooks were cooked enough. Meal was brought forth and stirred in, and the pudding was allowed to remain on the fire until it had thickened, so that there was danger of its being scorched. But, just as everything was settled, a severe frost set in, and continued for more than a month, so that all prospect of sport was at an end.

Meanwhile however the fox must of course be fed, and this duty devolved upon the huntsman, who made him as comfortable as a fox in confinement could possibly be. He soon became quite the pet of the household, and the children grew so fond of the furry little fellow, that they could not bear the thought of parting with him; and Reynold himself seemed to feel quite at home, in blissful ignorance of the future.

Even the huntsman himself grew quite attached to him, and when at last the frost broke up, it was with very different feelings to those he had previously entertained that he set about the preparations for the run.

In due time, however, the field assembled, huntsman and hounds all the more eager for the enforced delay. A "southerly wind and a cloudy sky," the landscape glittering with the morning dew, and gay with scarlet and green. The fox was turned out, and after a few minutes "grace" the whole field started in hot pursuit.

Poor Reynard soon took in the situation, and, with that cunning for which he is celebrated, and unimpaired by a certain other quality with which he is not usually credited—I mean trustfulness of disposition—he doubled upon his pursuers and made straight for the hounds.

With wonderful sagacity, considering his terror and distress, he singled out his quondam friend, the huntsman, and, without a moment's hesitation—which would have cost the poor brute his life, for he was then almost in the very jaws of the dogs—he leaped upon the saddle and nestled closely against his red-coated protector. His panting breath and piteous eyes were too much for the heart against which his own was beating, and his life was spared.

Under these circumstances the hunt was abandoned, and Master Reynard was relieved. He was once more installed as the family pet.—*Leisure Hours.*

Feminine Attractiveness.

Clara Belle says: "There is nothing more cheerful to the sight of a tired person than a clean, soft couch, pleasant to the touch, and giving promise of dainty rest. I may add that in no occupation is a woman more attractive than when engaged in the servile work of making up just such a bed. Don't you remember how the heroine of 'She Stoops to Conquer' bages her game—I mean wins her husband—by letting him view her at such

much for him, not even to thank her for her noble act, but to demand the single sovereign, the sole property left by his father. As it was his legal right, the widow gave it to him. He immediately left England for America, leaving his abused mother to fight poverty as best she could, and was never heard of by his English friends again.

Upon arriving in this country, the boy immediately found work at his trade. He was covetous, and his ambition was to accumulate money. He worked for it as few men ever work. He took no rest. It was as though a demon urged him day and night.

He became miserly. Soon he allowed himself no comforts and subsisted in the cheapest possible way. For more than fifty years he lived; hoarding and feverish for more gold. All through these years he gave no sign that he ever thought of returning the twelve pounds to the woman across the water, to whom he owed filial respect and gratitude.

Finally, the result of his excessive work showed itself in inflammatory rheumatism. For seventeen years he lay on his bed, writhing under the pain this disease inflicts. Still, he gave no sign of grateful obligation to his mother, or made any effort to restore the money.

But the day of summons came. He had lived to a most advanced age. With senses dulled toward God and man by his habits of covetousness, he died, and passed on to meet his earthly record in another world.

A search was instituted for his heirs. The step-mother had long been dead. All of his own brothers and sisters were dead. Of his half-brothers and sisters—children of the woman he so wronged—three were living, and among them the fortune of the miser was justly divided. It amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars.

The lawyer, in whose hands the property had been placed, had the curiosity to reckon the interest on the twelve pounds for the years which had elapsed before it was returned to the family. At the high rates of interest then prevailing, the sum was found to approximate so nearly to the amount which was distributed among the heirs as to excite his surprise and cause the question:

"Was this simply a coincidence?"

Unwittingly, the man had worked and pinched and saved only to pay a debt which he never meant to pay. He had illustrated a truth that is not always apparent to human vision.

Injustice may do its wretched work and triumph in its wrong. But sometime and somewhere, in this life, or in the eternity that awaits with solemn portent all human events, the wrong will be brought to light, and justice will be done. Neither moral law nor physical can be violated, with God and right to uphold them, and the violator escape penalty.—*Youth's Companion.*

Poor Master Reynard.

A well-known member of Parliament and master of the Fox Hounds, recently related the following, which, being strictly true, may not be without interest to our readers.

Last year the huntsman of the Wirral (Cheshire) Harriers had a young fox offered to him by a laboring man, and effected its purchase for the modest sum of thirty shillings. He immediately set about making arrangements for a day's run with the harriers with all the enthusiasm of an old fox-hunter, and gloried in the prospect of a rattling burst across the country. But, just as everything was settled, a severe frost set in, and continued for more than a month, so that all prospect of sport was at an end.

Meanwhile however the fox must of course be fed, and this duty devolved upon the huntsman, who made him as comfortable as a fox in confinement could possibly be. He soon became quite the pet of the household, and the children grew so fond of the furry little fellow, that they could not bear the thought of parting with him; and Reynold himself seemed to feel quite at home, in blissful ignorance of the future.

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housework? My advice to girls, in cases where a desirable young man happens to be a guest in the house, is not to disdain all connection with the household affairs, with the idea of impressing him with your goodness for that kind of thing, but instead to find some excuse for becoming chambermaids, so that the visitors may see you transform a tumbled bed into a snowy, slick and enticing one. If the job bedones deftly it is sure to be potent in its effect on the fellow who beholds it. But there are things which are dangerous for a girl to do at home in the presence of her admirer. Going up stairs is one of them. It is easy enough to descend with sprightly grace, but I defy any living being to ascend without awkwardness. In the current play of Daly's Theatre two of the acts have for a scene an interior in which a broad staircase leads directly up and down uncounted times. The women are personating fine ladies, and wear the most fashionable dresses. On the stage level they are objects of estimation; but the instant they began to mount those dreadful stairs they become grotesquely with the hind legs. They wobble from side to side, they strain every gusset and seam in their clothes, they threaten to burst their corset strings, their joints seem to refuse all customary action, and the outlines presented by their backs bear no semblance to their normal shapeliness. It is clear to my mind that nature never intended that women should go up stairs, for I don't believe an angel, if feminine, could mount the golden stair other than absurdly."

Chinese Child Vendors.

In Nanking and Kai-fung children from six to twelve years of age are sold by tens of thousands. Not hired out or transferred, but sold for a small sum in cash, in consideration of which the progenitor, by a tact understanding, renounces all parental rights, even the right of inquiring into the fate of his offspring. The purchasing trader may be the middleman of a well-to-do childless couple, or the agent of a wholesale tea planter, or a coolie breeder, raising and training slaves for a foreign market. For the equivalent of \$15 any commission pedler will undertake to "adopt" the same number of young Mongols in the name of any employer, and at very short notice. The authorities might object to a formal and public purchase, but the meaning of the adopting transaction is well understood and connived at. It is a lesser evil, and few parents ask any questions. Rather than see their children starve they will resign them to any fate—with one exception. The orthodox Buddhists seem to have evinced occasional scruples in delivering up their youngsters to the proselytizing missionaries, whom they suspect of all sorts of damnable practices. But even such scruples can be readily outweighed by a few extra dollars.

Fanciful Packages for Bonbons.

The boxes and decorated confectionery cases gotten up for Christmas gifts are curious and tasteful. A satin, hand-painted, lace-trimmed parasol, half closed and fastened with a cord and tassel to the stick, which is silver mounted, will hold two pounds of bonbons. The price filled is \$5.40.

A basket, round in shape, has a cover which is a bed of lily of the valley and rosebuds made of spun glass. This holds 24 pounds of candy, and costs \$12. Satin-wood glove boxes, hand painted with purple crocus sprays, will hold one pound of bonbons; they sell for \$2.35. A plush and satin hand-embroidered bag contains a two pound box of candy, and costs \$3.75. Square and oval hand-painted and embroidered satinboxes, which hold from four to six pounds of bonbons, sell for from \$12 to \$25. A pink satin wall-pocket has a spray of eight artificial Marcehal Neil roses gracefully trimmed about \$1. This will hold one pound of candy; price, \$6. Silk and satin lace-trimmed mouchoirs, cases, with a knot of flowers at one side, hold one pound of candy, and cost \$5. Skiffs of blue and silk, hand-painted, cost \$7. Gift baskets, with satin bag tops, are beautiful and convenient.

The Doll Industry of Germany.

It requires almost consummate skill to make these toys. Each workman has models at home, and buys materials for manufacture. The skeleton is constructed out of lime and plaster of Paris, and the eyes, nose, mouth and ears cut with a knife. The figure being ready is dipped in hot wax and dried. It then goes to the hair-dresser for a wig, and finally to the work girls to be dressed. The money value of the doll depends upon its coating of wax; the thinly-coated ones usually crack in cold weather. The wax formerly was produced through the agency of the bee, but a substitute is beginning to be found in ozocerite, or wax made from the residue of petroleum.

China dolls are more exclusively the product of the factory. After being modeled by hand, they are baked in a great oven for a week. During this time the utmost care and watchfulness are required. The tenders are never permitted to sleep. A draught of air will produce disastrous results. A single oven contains 5,000 dolls, and thirty ovens are often full at once in one factory. At the end of the week the dolls come out in all conditions. About one in five is perfect. After baking the dolls are painted and glazed. The imperfect ones are separated by themselves and sold to "fairs" and "cheap John" concerns, which dispose of them to people who infest such places. One German factory has been running about 150 years, and has produced 1,000,000 dolls. Some of the manufacturers are enormously rich. All attempts at manufacturing dolls in this country have failed, owing to the cheap labor abroad. Congress, however, levies 35 per cent duty on these toys (which make women of our girls), in expectation of future manufacture here.

The dolls form a miniature world of inanimate women, since the young ladies who play, with dolls prefer young lady husbands—by letting him view her at such

Washington's Obelisk.

There yet remains about two years work before the Washington monument will be complete. The obelisk, it is true, is finished, and the rest of the work relates to the base of the monument, but some of the details are not yet decided upon. Colonel Casey, who has had charge of the work since it was recommenced in 1878, comes of a family of engineers. His father was considered one of the ablest engineers in the United States army, and several of his family have distinguished themselves in scientific pursuits. He was asked if he studied other obelisks.

"Not much," he said. "This one is unlike any other. In fact, I was so much taken up with contriving how to put up the Washington obelisk that I didn't have time to study any others."

So far it has cost \$1,130,000—not quite as much as the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. It has settled only four inches from the top to the foundation bed. With what is under ground, the monument is 592 feet high, and the weight on the foundation is 80,378 tons. The most difficult part of the work was the underpinning, which was something unique in monumental building. The foundation was deepened 12 feet 4 inches, and extended in all directions 23 feet 3 inches, and this gigantic work was done under a mass of stone weighing 33,176 tons. One by one the stones of the foundation were removed and new ones substituted.

Only one accident has happened, and that near the base of the shaft. A workman slipped and broke his arm. But nearly all of the workmen have at one time or another fallen into network which surrounded the obelisk on a level with the platform where the work was being done. Once a young lady visitor in a spirit of bravado threw herself into the netting—an experiment which not even the workmen had ever tried for fun. During the last stages the workmen were often enveloped in the clouds which drifted around them. The only elevator in use has been the open platform on which the stone was hoisted

WHAT I WOULD DO.

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A Deadly Camera.

A breach of promise case is now pending at Marysville which exhibits some peculiar features, says the San Francisco Post. It seems the defendant, a young man named Augustus Scudberry, is a member of that rapidly increasing class of persons known as amateur instantaneograph photographers. This individual had become so enthused over the achievements of European photographers in obtaining negatives of birds flying, horses running away, tigers seizing their prey, etc., that he made himself a nuisance prowling round after people with his portable camera, electric slides and flashes. (One day he was found ambling beside the railway track and filling up the switch-tenders with beer, in the happy anticipation of catching a good impression of a first-class smash-up; the next, he was trying to bribe some dining man's family to allow him to take a snapshot at the patient just as the death rattle sets in.)

In fact, it is stated that once, when some miners were having a terrible quarrel in a barroom, Scudberry suddenly appeared in the doorway with his instrument over his head and exclaimed excitedly:

"Wait until I put on a dry plate before you shoot, gentlemen! Got your pistols ready and fire together when I say three; I want to get in all the flashes."

Well, as we were going to say, this same Scudberry was engaged to a girl named Phyllis, and somehow had got the idea into his head that Amelia—her name was Amelia, and she wore a number four shoe, which is mighty good for a Marysville girl—was untrue to him; in fact, that she was still encouraging the attention of a dry goods clerk named Boggs.

So Scudberry, having just received an automatic clockwork attachment to his apparatus, carried his machine over to his fiancée's house on pretence of taking the pictures of the family. He took Amelia's mother in the act of spanking the baby; took the baby in the act of swallowing a pin; took the cat in the act of catching a mouse, took dinner and then took his leave. Scudberry explained that he was going to be out of town that evening, and asked that his camera be allowed to stand in a corner of the parlor until his return the next day.

That night Boggs, the alleged rival, called on Amelia, and it is natural to suppose that they were both unaware that the photograph apparatus in the corner—the lens of which was adjusted so as to take the sofa and all, so to speak—was automatically adjusted to take an instantaneous negative at precisely 11:30 P. M.—that being the hour when the jealous Scudberry supposed the festivities would commence if at all. At all events, the couple were startled at about that period by a peculiar click from Scudberry's machine, and which they understood better the next day, when that gentleman indignantly broke his engagement, and exhibited a picture which he sarcastically labeled, "No. 461, Greco-Roman Hugging Match."

Miss Phyllis immediately brought suit for breach of promise, Boggs testifying that he was only rehearsing a contemplated tableau with the plaintiff. Meanwhile Scudberry has fled the photograph as evidence, and the whole town is waiting anxiously for the verdict. As soon as it is rendered, the whole story will be carefully dramatized for the Baldwin, as one of the most thrilling episodes of life in the far west.

The Fate of the Seal Squeeze.

The seal squeeze must go. Its imitations have become almost indistinguishable from the real article, and their cheapness puts them in reach of servant girls and washwomen. "Gath" says, in the Minneapolis Tribune:

Yesterday I got on a street car in New York and I discovered approaching me a beautiful object. It was a lady with a rich seal skin and with a hat tipped with the same. The tints of her neck and cheek seemed glowing. She had with her a little child stired in blue velvet with a white fur hat. They approached the platform of the car, and as the lady stooped over to lift her child up, the bundles in her arms fell to the ground. When she took up the bundles and lifted the child again, "Baby," said she, "don't you know how to walk." The baby made no reply whatever, being absorbed perhaps with its mother's seal skin squeeze. Such a stupid child I have never seen. When it was brought into the car it stood stock still, when the mother put it down in a seat it didn't know how to move up. Of course no woman in a street car ever moved up for another woman. So the owner of the seal skin squeeze having insufficient room sat down in my lap. I thought that she would discover in a moment that she was sitting on something, but that didn't turn out to be the case. She was as unobtrusive of setting on my thigh bones as that old Dutchman of an impassive nature who came in one day from the fields where he had been plowing for seven consecutive hours without stopping; when he got into the house he said in a scarcely mournful way: "I think I have some little perples in my poos," whereupon he leisurely drew off his boots and there was found a pair of saunders and a small angur. I had not up to this time got a glimpse of the face of the lady in the seal skin squeeze. The back of her neck was toward me, and the soft fur in which she was enveloped occasionally touched the end of my nose, produc-

ing the sensation which the proximity of beauty never fails to induce. As she weighed about 300 pounds, it became a little monotonous after a time to be sat on, even by this beautiful object. So I said in her ear, "Madam, if the lady just above your child will take her carpet bag off the seat, you can be more comfortable." At this the woman who had kept her carpet bag on the seat in order to have me well sat on, turned around and looked daggers at me. Her carpet bag seemed in her eyes to be as important, and probably as stupid, as the velvet-clad child, which in the meantime had never budged, but sat there covered up in richness, staring like a large doll baby at nothing. The lady, who was sitting on my thigh bones, paid no attention to my remark. After a sufficient time I repeated it louder. She turned upon me and then I saw her face and her tones in strong Milesian brogue: "What do ye say?" Then I saw that the beautiful dame was a muscular Irish washerwoman who had reached the dignity of a seal skin squeeze. I got up from my seat and quit the car, and have indited the present letter under my sensations. The reign of seal skin chivalry has passed.

The Magic Lantern.

Our town is getting to be full of lecturers. Mr. Travers says that they spread all over the country, just like cholera, and that when one lecturer comes to town, another is liable to break out at any time. The last lecturer that we had, happened a week ago. He was a magic lantern one, and they are not so bad as other kinds. He had magic lantern pictures of Europe, and Washington, and other towns, and he showed them on a big white sheet, and talked about them. I made a lot of magic lantern pictures when I had my camera, and some of them were real good. The lecturer came to our house to spend the night, and the afternoon before his lecture he went out to walk, and left the door of his room open.

Tom was at my house that afternoon, and as we were going up stairs we saw a tremendous lot of magic lantern pictures lying piled up on the lecturer's table. Most of the pictures were houses and mountains, but some of them were people, and there were a lot of real funny ones, such as a man falling over a pig, and a big goat knocking a little boy over.

Tom and I had a real nice time looking at them, and were very careful to put them back on the piles just in the same way that the lecturer had put them. Only once in a while Tom would forget just where a picture belonged, and we had to put it in the wrong place. This was what made all the trouble, and if any one was to blame for it, Tom was the one.

We didn't tell the lecturer that we had looked at his pictures, for that might have troubled him, and we ought never to give any trouble to people who are older than we are.

Tom and I went to the lecture, and so did almost everybody else in town, and when the lecturer began to speak, you would have said that he was one of the nicest men you ever saw, he looked so pleased.

The trouble began, when, after having showed us a lot of pictures, he said:

"The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, is a portrait of Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria."

Now it happened that the next picture was a large cat with a dozen kittens, and somebody said:

"Haw! Haw! is that the Queen?"

The lecturer knew he had made a mistake, but he pretended it was all right, and said that the cat belonged to his little girl, and its name was Queen Victoria.

The next pictures were mostly right, though what the lecturer said would be a picture of a steamboat on the Rhine turned out to be a man on a bicycle, and what he called a view of the battle of Waterloo was a boy being knocked over by a goat.

After a while he asked all of his German friends present—but I don't believe he knew a single one of them—to admire a beautiful portrait of that hero and patriot, Prince Bismarck, and when the portrait appeared on the sheet, it was a pig running away from a fat butcher.

You should have heard the lecturer's German friends howl; and I believe they would have thrown something at him had he begged their pardon, and said it was all a mistake, and he feared that some evil-minded person had very wickedly mixed up his pictures.

Well, the Germans stopped saying things after a while, and the lecturer went on. His pictures got worse and worse. His lovely view of Venice, as he called it, was a picture of a herd of buffaloes, and what he told us would be a picture of a wedding in Egypt, was a cat, and a dog fighting, and an old woman beating them with a club.

This made him nervous, and he kept putting pictures in the magic lantern up side down, and making the King of Greece and the Queen of Italy stand on their heads, and asking the people to excuse any mistakes, and wishing he could put his hands on the evil-minded persons who had meddled with his pictures.

Finally he told the people that he would now show them a picture of two innocent and lovely children.

Tom hit me in the side with his elbow, when the lecturer said this and whispered to me:

"Be all ready to run."

I didn't have the least idea what he meant, till I saw the picture. I was never more astonished in my life, for it was a picture of Mr. Travers and Sue, sitting on the sofa and holding each other's hands. It had got mixed up in some way with the lecturer's own pictures, and I believe Tom had something to do with it, though he won't own up.

Tom and I went out as soon as we saw the picture, but we could hear the people laugh and yell when we were half a mile away. I heard afterward that the lecturer didn't show any more pictures, and that he jumped out of the back window, with Mr. Travers close after him. Anyway he never came back to our house. Mr. Travers, when he found that I really hadn't put the picture of him and Sue among the others, forgave me, but Sue says she never

will. I think Tom ought to own up, and if Mr. Travers catches him, I think he will.—Harper's Young People.

Getting There.

It doesn't take a great while to get a boy out of a place where he wants to stay. Man comes out into the orchard.

"Child! come right down outen that air tree this minute!"

"Which tree?"

"Why, that unyer in!"

"This one?"

"Yes, that one."

"This one here by the fence?"

"Yes, that unyer in."

"This one with the red apples?"

"Yes, that un, an' I don't want to tell ye agin!"

"Well, we're comin' down."

"Well, come down mighty quick."

"Well, I am."

"Hurrah, then!"

"Must I come clear down?"

"Clear down on the ground, and get thar mighty quick, too!"

"Well"—slowly sliding down the trunk. "I am down. What you koller in at me for?"

If there are ten boys in the tree, the entire dialogue with variations has to be repeated for each boy, in case the man is their father, or some near relative, and by the time the last boy gets to the ground, there isn't an apple on the tree. In case the interviewer is a stranger, or a dog, however, the first word or prefatory bark isn't completed until the tree is as desolate and solitary as a garden of cucumbers, while the adjacent road is full of howling boys, casting into the orchard Partisan shots of casual stones and derisive remarks.—Bob Burdette.

They Couldn't Make Him Speak.

They had a dime supper in the neighborhood of Pawtucket, conceived and carried out by the ladies. The conditions of this novel supper were these: For every word spoken by the gentlemen at the supper-table a forfeit of 10 cents was imposed; but, on the other hand (as duties are always compensated with rights and restrictions with privileges), it was agreed that whoever could weather the whole supper, submitting to all queries, surprises, and ingenious questions without replying, should be entitled to it gratuitously. Many and frequent were the artifices and subterfuges resorted to by the ladies in attendance to entrap the unguarded, and one after another stout and discreet man went down before the constant volley of artful interrogations. At last all fell out and paid the dime penalty save one individual—a queer chap whom nobody seemed to know. He attended strictly to business, and passed unheeded the jokes, gibes and challenges. They quizzed him, but all in vain. He wrestled with turkey and grappled with the goose. He bailed out the cranberry sauce with an unswerving hand, and he ate oysters as the scriptural vegetarians eat grasses; and, finally, when he had finished his fifth piece of pie, he whipped out a pocket slate and wrote on it a large and legible hand, "I am deaf and dumb."—Providence Journal.

A Clock in a Bustle.

An amusing story reaches us from Paris. On Friday last a lady having paid her hotel bill sent away her boxes on a cab and sallied forth on foot. No sooner had she departed than the landlord discovered that the clock had disappeared from the mantle piece of the room which his late lodger had been occupying, though he remembered to have seen it there subsequent to her trunks being dispatched. Convinced that she must be the thief, he rushed out in hot pursuit and, overtaking her, he charged her with the robbery and gave her into custody, the lady meanwhile protesting loudly against the indignity offered her, and vowing vengeance against the trader.

She was, however, taken before the judge of instruction, to whom she resumed her torrent of indignant denial with the extraordinary volubility peculiar to the daughters of Gaul. Her indignation was at its height when at 12 o'clock rang forth in clear tones from the region of madame's dress improver.

The expression of consternation depicted upon the fair plifer's countenance, together with the apopostrophe of the quaint phenomenon, were too much for the gravity of the officials, who burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Five minutes later a female warder returned the tell tale time-piece to its owner.

Will Mr. Oscar Wilde still insist upon the utter uselessness of that hideous monstrosity—the bustle?—Pall Mall Gazette.

Historical Relics.

Though visitors seldom enter it, the library of the State Department contains some of the most valuable historic relics in the possession of the Government. Here is kept the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, and there has been added within the past few years the identical desk upon which Jefferson wrote his box-like writing desk about eighteen inches wide, two feet long and three inches thick. One might easily take it on his lap to use it, but it was probably laid upon the table while the Declaration was penned upon it. It has a series of small compartments on one side for pens and writing material, and when opened its top is covered with green baize. Pasted upon one of its inner leaves is a note in Jefferson's own handwriting, dated at Monticello, in which he says the desk was made by a Philadelphia carpenter, and that it was the one on which he wrote the Declaration. This note closes with the following sentence: "Politics as well as religion has its superstitions; these, gaining strength with time, may one day give imaginary value to this relic for its associations with the birth of the great charter of our independence."

In the same case containing this desk, on the shelf above it, lie the staff of Benjamin Franklin and the sword of Washington and Jackson. Benjamin Franklin's cane is a thick, gold-headed stick of knotted crab-tree. It is painted black, highly polished, and on its end it has a

brass ferrule. Its head is designed, as says Jefferson's will, in the form of a cap of liberty, and its gold is very yellow, and shows but little alloy. This cane supported Franklin during his last years upon all state occasions, and when he died he will it to Washington, saying, "If it were a scepter, General Washington has merited it and would become it." Washington prized it highly, and at his death he will it to his nephew, Charles Washington, and the grandson of Charles Washington gave it to the United States.

George Washington's sword, shown here, is the one which he wore when a colonel, and the one which hung at his side throughout the revolution. It is not a flashy article, and there is no glitter or gold about it, but its edge looks very sharp, and its blade, slightly tarnished, not over an inch wide, was evidently made to do good service. Its sheath and belt lie beside it. The belt is of yellow buckskin, the plain silver clasp of which is marked with the letters G. W., and the sheath is of a dark leather stamped with different figures. George Washington mentions this sword in his will, in which he gives one to each of his nephews, with the request that "they be not unsheathed except for self-defense and the defense of their country and its rights." Andrew Jackson's sword is a very expensive article. It will weigh twice that of Washington, and it has a heavy gold handle, and its sheath is of gold and steel. Its wide blade, slightly curving, shines like a mirror, and at the middle it shows the evidence of having been broken in two and welded together again. The sheath is somewhat scratched and it has evidently been pretty well used.

Another curiosity in this room is an immense shell or torpedo from six to eight inches in diameter and over a foot long, which Elihu Washburn, our Minister at Paris, picked up during the bombardment of Paris and sent to the State Department, as a relic. It is a murderous-looking shell, and its description says it was thrown into the city during the siege. Just below this, in a box about two feet wide and three feet long, is a plaster cast of one of the first treaties on record. It is a copy of the treaty between the Athenians and Chalcidians made 446 years before Christ, when Socrates was twenty-two years old and Pericles was in his prime. The original of this was engraved on a slab of Pentelic marble found in the south wall of the Acropolis at Athens.—Cleveland Leader.

VARIETIES.

ONLY ONE American joke can be set down to the credit of Harle, during his entire sojourn in the United States, then details of which are as follows:

Harle, at one time used to plunder the people from the rostrum in the way of fifty-cent lectures. During a trip over the Pennsylvania circuit, he found himself one evening in a small town, the very atmosphere of which was depressing. Turning to the committeeman who waited on him at his room in the hotel, Harle said:

"Is this a healthful climate?"

"Passibly," responded the committeeman.

"What's the mortality of this city?"

"About one, eh," said Harle. "Come this way a minute," and he drew the committeeman into the recess of the bay window, and then said to him, solemnly:

"Is the man dead for to-day? I am going to lecture here to-night, and I would be a great relief to me to know that I could get through alive."

SIX was young and sweet, and poetic, and was young and mischievous. They were sitting out on the veranda in the moonlight, and she grew cheerful.

"O, how I love to sit out here in the moonlight," she cooed, "to be fanned by the languorous perfumes of the roses, and to be kissed by the soft airs from the south!"

Then he kissed her and she grew indignant.

"How dare you!" she almost sobbed.

"Why, I'm a soft heir from the south!" he pleaded calmly.

She didn't say anything when he kissed her again.

A GERMAN paper gets off this "grind" on a would-be haughty student:

Scene on railway platform at Heidelberg: Traveler to university student—"Sir, you are crowding; keep back, sir."

U. S. (sincerely). "Don't you like it? Allow me to tell you that I am at your service at any time and place."

Traveler (benignantly).—"Ah, indeed, that is very kind of you. Just carry this satchel for me to the hotel."

A LADY once consulted Dr. Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard.

"Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends on the weight of the boy. I remember my school fellow, David Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbing a dozen of orchards with impunity; but the very first time I climbed upon an apple tree—for I was always a heavy boy—he broke broke with me, and it was called judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales."

DURING the election excitement, whenever everybody else seemed to be going crazy, Bob Carpenter, one of the glided youths of Galveston, was apparently as calm as a mill-pond. He moreover bragged of his coolness, etc.

"Do you know what you remind me of?" asked a clerk in a drug store, after Bob had been telling him how cool he was.

"What do I remind you of?"

"Well, I don't care to tell you."

"But I want to know."

"You remind me of a tapeworm. It never loses its head."

"—Oh, you naughty, naughty girl; you have told me a story. You said you were not at the jelly shell, and Jane says you were."

Little Nell—"I forgot, ma'am."

Ma—"Now, don't add another story to the first. You did not forget—you did not forget, you tried to deceive me. It was a wicked, wicked lie, and I shall tell."

Jane (entering).—"Mrs. Snybbles is at the front door, ma'am."

Ma—"The odious thing! Tell her I am not at home."

GILGOLLY and Gus De Smith entered an Austin restaurant, and sat down at the table.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" asked the obsequious waiter.

"I'll take three boiled eggs," said Gus.

"And you, sir?"

"I'll take the same, but be sure and have mine fresh," said Gilgolly.

The waiter goes to the speaking tube, and calls out:

"Six boiled eggs, three of them must be fresh."

"Isn't it a grand sight!" exclaimed an enthusiastic member of the Press Rifle Club, as the boys were peering away at their beautifully painted target.

"Very pretty," assented a stranger from the far West. "It reminds me of a Vassar College commencement I once attended."

"Strange," muttered the journalist, suspiciously. "Why does our shoot remind you of a Vassar commencement?"

"It is such a beautiful collection of misses," replied the stranger, dodging into the back street.

A TEXAS lady called at a drug store and said:

"I want a tooth brush, a real nice one. I want it for a spare room."

"That's the first time I ever heard of a spare room having teeth," responded the smart clerk of a clerk. "If your spare room is not bald headed we can supply it with some good hair brushes, and if it is bald headed we can sell you some hair restorer that will make the hair sprout out like spring holes."

There was no sale.

SARDON hired a house in the country to pass the last summer, and went in search of a farmer who had a milch cow. Having found one he said:

"My good man, my servant will come every morning to buy a pint of milk."

"All right; it is eight o'clock."

"But I want pure milk—very pure."

"In that case it is ten o'clock."

"You will milk in the presence of my servant."

"Then it is fifteen o'clock."

SAID a loving wife to her husband, "Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value?"

The husband, tired of political economy, replied:

"Ah, yes, my dear, I know your great learning and many virtues. That's your real value. But I know also that none of my married friends would change wives with me. That's your exchangeable value."

Mrs. Brown's pretty waitress got married the other day.

"And I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said her mistress.

"Are you not afraid of such a long, dangerous voyage?"

"Well, ma'am," said Kitty, "that is his look out. I belong to him now, an' if anything happens to me, sure I'll be his loss and not mine."

ONE of the terrible small boys: "Does your head ever swim, Mr. Sniffins?" asked little Tom Popinjoy of his sister's beau.

"Yes, Tommy, I suffer occasionally from dizziness," replied the girl.

"I thought so," said Tommy. "Pa said he'd pitch you into the horse pond only your head would keep you from sinking."

Chaff.

Where time is money—At a watch factory.

Not a smile beat—A woman's race to catch a car.

"To make both ends meet" is why the baby puts its toes into its mouth.

It is easier for a woman to return a kindness than a copper-bottomed preserve kettle.

Why is a cat on its hind legs like the great Falls of Niagara? Because it is a cat-creek.

The little girl who called the ostrich the bird with the bonnet put it about right.

Why is a locomotive like a beefsteak? Because it's good for nothing without its tender.

Why are seeds, when sown, like gate posts? Because they are planted in the earth to propagate.

A sign in Red Bank, N. J., reads thus: "New maid and old maid clothing always on hand."

Give a tramp the cold shoulder one day and he will come back the next for gravy and potatoes to go with it.

Women as telegraph operators have proved a great success. They send the electric spark right through a fellow.

"What is a house without a baby?" asked a lady writer, and an old bachelor editor replied, "It is comparatively quiet."

"Better behave yourself," said the turnip to the potato. "Or some one will come along and take the starch out of you."

"That miserable dog of yours howls all night long." "Yes, I know it, but to make up for it he doesn't pout on the piano all day long."

Little beggar: "Hey, Maria! Look, I just had it put in my basket. I dunno what it is, but it's either a quail on toast or a charlotte rooster."

"The chariot of revolution is rolling onward, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls," is what a Berlin revolutionist told the students in 1848, as a speech.

A Fonda (N. Y.) woman committed suicide rather than dress a turkey. And yet it seems she had been dressing a goose all her life. Women are so illogical.

Appropos of leap year, it has been suggested that young ladies who are anxious to marry should bear in mind that sealed proposals can be sent by mail for two cents.

Dude (poising for a bold, bad man)—How does your tail feel, John Belaysay?

Miss B.—You don't mean to say they've brought you up all this time on milk!

An old maid in Nashville keeps a parrot which swears and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says, "I don't know, but she does not miss a husband very much."

He: "What do you say to Christmas for our wedding day?" She: "I say no, sir; you must be simple. Do you think I want to be cheated out of what I present?"

Eastern lawyer, not in high repute, to old gentleman: "Do you know that I am a direct descendant from Miles Standish?" Response: "Is it possible? What a descent!"

A Spaniard, in the first pages of his English grammar, desiring the overseas at table to be helped to some boiled tongue, said: "I will thank you, miss, to pass me the language."

"Very cold last night, Mr. Townsend," observed the reporter. "Cold I should say so."

"Very hot here," said the reporter, "I tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; blew frozen; had to break it off," replied Mr. Townsend.

"Enjoy the sermon?" he repeated shortly, "and that odious Mrs. Smith sitting directly in front of me with a new fall wrap on that never cost a cent less than \$125. You must think I have a very warm religious temperament."

The other day a little shaver was expatiating on the injurious effects of tobacco. Said he:

"The oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a single drop of it on a dog's tail will

